

# St. Tammany's Magazine.

No. 5.]

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1821.

[Price 12½ cts.]

## THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.

A BRIEF notice of this interesting and entertaining publication was given in our last number, and we then promised our readers to present them with portions of it, that should, in some measure, illustrate its excellence; and also to show why we considered its general scope and design to deserve praise, and its author to merit patronage.

The first trait obvious in this little work is its modesty—that modesty which is properly so called, which has, for large ingredients of its composition, a just self-esteem, independence of false or frivolous censure, and native dignity of mind, and is entirely distinct from the “sweet bashfulness” of him, who

“is ashamed and grieved

To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,  
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts:”

Part of which said *bashfulness* the poet truly says,

——“claims indeed this praise;

The dearth of information and good sense,  
That it foretells us always comes to pass.”

Not like this is the elevated humility of a man whose various learning has been accumulated by years of diligent study; by the happy power of discriminating sagacity, and the facilities of method and memory. The editor of *Omnium Gatherum* does not lay claim, in opening his treasures of things, new and old, to the honour of originating them, but he appears to consider that the exclusive passion of hearing and talking of some *new thing*, is the besetting folly of ancient and modern days, and he evidently wishes to bring this prevailing propensity of the times into its just limits,—wishes the public mind to exercise its genuine prerogative of looking, not only around and before, but backward on the past.—He would call the attention of the meditative, the inquisitive, and excursive, from the narrow range of local and temporary topics, to the observation and the wisdom of men of other regions and other times than our own. Those of us who are old or waning, he would take back to the early and venerable teachers of our youth; and those who are young, he would reclaim from the “broken cisterns” of shallow knowledge, to the fountains of moral truth, where their fathers drank and were satisfied.

The moral sentiments of *Papirius Cursor* (the assumed name of the editor) have sometimes a tone of severity, but they are wholesome—they would check no “decent joy,”—no honest passion,—no pure propensity; and they entirely accord with the spirit of that injunction, which bids us “touch not, taste not”

of those things which first intoxicate the senses, then betray the heart, then corrupt the understanding; and, finally, sully the whole character and life.

In the title page of the *Omnium Gatherum*, the design of the writer is vindicated, though not entirely unfolded, by the following extract from a well known and high authority in literature.

“It is false to assert that any harm is done by the publication of common-place productions. They defraud no person of his money, no one being compelled to purchase them; and they rob no one of his time, for no one is bound to read them. On the other hand, even the reasoner whose dim scope of vision never looks beyond the *wealth* of nations, will not assert that no good is done by it; for, the letter-founder, the paper-maker, the printer, the book-seller, and all their dependents, confute such an assertion. The most humble volume that ever stole into oblivion from the press, has been useful to them.”—*Quart. Rev. Dec. 1811.*

After this humble announcement or intimation of a plan, we do not look for that “original matter” which is often sought for in the periodicals, and often found to the exclusion of those beauties of the library which lie hidden in precious tomes, out of the reach of most cursory readers, and for which, alas! few of our modern moralists, (if we have any,) and essayists, can afford an equivalent. To point out the resources of our literature, which like good wine is improved by age—to extract the spirit, and to infuse the love of it—and at the same time that taste is instructed, to exalt the morals and the conversation of his readers, seems to be the object of the writer in question; and we are happy to add, that he appears to have brought to his work the qualities that will ensure it success. The talents and the style of “a gentleman and scholar”—the sentiments of veneration for religion, and love for mankind—the faculty of observation and discernment,—a vivacity of manner and a candour in judgment, that are not only agreeable but delightful, and which in their blended power, as displayed in certain passages of original remark, appear not only engaging and amiable, but animating and commanding—uniting the gayety of a light and cheerful heart, with the authority of manly sense and elevated principles.

The following extracts from the *Omnium Gatherum*, will doubtless afford both profit and pleasure.

*Miscellanies vindicated by the preface to the Anas.*—“It is deemed necessary to some readers, and respectful to all, that the nature of

the following work, and the plan on which it is conducted, should be briefly explained. The technical term *Anas*, signifies, collectively, the various memorabilia compiled and published by the friends of illustrious scholars on the continent, as tributes to their memories. The English reader (for whom especially this selection and translation were designed) will fully comprehend the meaning of the above term, and the nature of the present *compilation*, when he recalls to his mind the Richardsoniana and Johnsoniana; and is told that the Table talk of Selden is entitled, by men of letters abroad, Seldeniana. It might be expected that the general character of these *Anas*, as well as a description of them, should form a part of this preface. The Editor is happy to be able to comply with so reasonable a request, by quoting an eminent critic, who seems, by the treatise from whence this extract is taken, to have examined the merits of and objections to *compilations of this kind*, with all the candour, diligence and sagacity, which the subject requires. That sometimes there are [in these collections] jests and stories of too ludicrous a nature; that there are some false and partial criticisms; that there are some spurious anecdotes of great men; that there are some blunders and some falsehoods, and some reports of persons, which candour should have suppressed, cannot be denied. But what book is there, wherein all or many of these objections do not arise, if we include the greater part of it? Those who are not friends to *compilations of this sort*, urge as their principal objection what seems to me of little importance; namely, that many things contained in them are to be ascribed to the editors, and not to those whose names they bear. These sayings or stories, &c. have merit, or they have not: if therefore the reader is not disgusted, nor the supposed author disgraced by their insertion, what injury they can bring on the cause of literature, or what inconvenience in the perusal, would be difficult to ascertain, and fastidious to conjecture. Some critics condemn these collections, because the subjects contained in them are treated too briefly and cursorily, their importance considered; and because such views often lead to the superficial instead of the solid parts of erudition. Should this accusation against all be admitted (which is not true with regard to any one single collection throughout,) books of this kind still retain considerable repute, grounded on the following consideration: that the authority itself of the writers of them, who were generally men of learning, is sufficient to invalidate those numerous cavils, and capable of stamping a value on the miscellanies which they profess to have compiled.\*—With respect to the plan on which

\* Translated from Wolf's Preface to his edition of the Casauboniana.

the following selection has been conducted, the Editor wishes to state, that choosing from the various *Anas* those passages which seemed to him to possess the most general tendency to amuse or instruct; adding notes, where the articles could be usefully expanded or illustrated; compressing some passages, without weakening their sense; and adding literary and biographical sketches of the authors, whose names are affixed severally to each *Ana*, are the only attempts in this work by which he has presumed to exceed the laborious and cautious province of a translator or compiler.\*

*Hints to both sexes.*—If we would examine attentively all the results of an inconsiderate sacrifice to temporary attractions, marriage would be less common. It is often a prison, filled with bitterness and disgust, on the threshold of which we find some delight, but within, see nothing that affords pleasure, except the door out of which our yoke-fellow passes to the grave.

To marry like a wise man is to choose cautiously and with discernment, from attachment and not from interested motives, a woman who chooses you in the same manner.

From the manner in which some women pass their lives, one would suppose that reason and good sense were forbidden, and that they were sent into the world merely to display their beauty, and study their dress.

Marriage is a contract, in making which we must consider posterity as well as ourselves; necessity as well as pleasure; the family and connexions of the husband and wife, as well as the individual: it is a case in which the accessories are no less important than the principal.

As nothing renders the fetters of marriage more irksome than poverty; so nothing lightens them more than wealth. In truth, the burthen, sufficiently heavy in itself, should be freed from adventitious weight.

Old men who desire to marry, begin by boasting of their possessions, and then do all they can to recommend the remnant of their constitutions. What folly! He was a wise old man, who would not marry, because, as he felt no inclination for an old woman, he concluded a young one would feel no passion for him.

Previously to marriage, consult eyes, ears, mouth, heart, understanding, temper, and purse. None of these ingredients should be forgotten.

Many women, when they marry, forget that they enter the husband's house to be the main

\* The learned reader is referred to the above cited preface, prefixed by Wolf to his edition of the Casauboniana, for further information on the subject of the *Anas*; as he will find the most ample satisfaction in the care, labour and judgment, with which Wolf has compiled a very erudite history of these modern memorabilia.

prop of it, to share in all his joys and sorrows, and to exert themselves in warding off calamity from their family. They persuade themselves that marriage opens the door to liberty and power, and is meant to compensate for all the restrictions of the single state. They think that a husband's chief employment should be to supply them with the means of dress and dissipation; and this makes them lose sight of the disposition to compliance, without which domestic repose cannot exist.

The land of marriage has this peculiarity; that those who are on the outside wish to get in; and those who are within, desire to get out.

The wife should submit to her husband; but the husband should submit to *reason*.—Love, they say, will survive the tomb. It very often happens that it does not survive the wedding-day.

Marriage should be considered as a union established to perpetuate and keep distinct, families; to afford consolation in adversity, and add to the joys of prosperity; and to set bounds to the passions. A husband and wife that keep these objects in view, and do their best to effect these ends, will find no earthly blessing comparable to matrimony.

It is not enough for a husband to love his wife; he must labour to perfect her character: love is clear-sighted, and will easily point out the means. Eternal lecturing is not one of them. The most efficacious lessons are those that do not appear to be so intended. Happy the husband who is never obliged to *command*; but whose advice has the force of an order. This blessing cannot exist for him who does not possess his wife's unbounded confidence.

It is astonishing that a woman who cannot, with propriety, indulge in dancing, more than five or six years of her life, should devote so much time to the acquisition of that talent; while the education necessary to her future good conduct, happiness and respectability, is almost wholly neglected. Women have scarcely less penetration in discovering, than dissimulation in concealing.

Young women should be cautioned against ridiculing and speaking ill of others of their sex; and should so conduct themselves as to make others speak well of them.

Women are born with a desire to please. They forget that, in this search, they must find somebody to be pleased; and it often happens that that man, instead of being their slave, becomes their master.—*Esprit du Mercure*.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore That a lover once blest is a lover no more, Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man whom you wed like your favourite guitar;

Tho' there's music in both, yet they're both apt to jar:

How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!

Not play'd on too roughly, nor handled too much!

The Linnet and Sparrow that feed from your hand,

Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command.

Exert with your husband the same happy skill, For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind, Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;

'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,

And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

Garrick.

FROM SWIFT.

The strongest reason will submit

To virtue, honour, sense and wit.

To such a nymph the wise and good

Cannot be faithless, if they would;

For vices all have different ends,

But virtue still to virtue tends;

And when your lover is not true,

'Tis virtue fails in him, or you;

And either he deserves disdain,

Or you without a cause complain.

*Woman as she ought to be.*—There are women whose happiness consists in ignorance of what the world calls pleasures; whose glory consists in retirement. Wholly devoted to the duties of wife and mother, they consecrate their days to the practice of the unobtrusive virtues. Absorbed in the management of their families, they govern their husbands by acquiescence; their children by mildness, their servants by goodness. Their houses are the abode of religious sentiment, filial piety, conjugal love, maternal tenderness, order, internal peace, undisturbed slumbers, and health. Domestic and economical, they set at defiance every inordinate passion and every painful want. The poor knock, and are admitted and relieved—the licentious man and the profligate does not venture into their presence. Reserve and dignity of character, make such women *respected*; indulgence for the frailties, and pity for the misfortunes of others, make them *beloved*; prudence and firmness make them *venerated*. They purify and enlighten the whole moral atmosphere around them with all that is genial in warmth, and all that is pure in light.—*Encyclopedie*.

*Bonaparte.*—This eclipsed meteor seems to have been a strange compound, as will be seen from a comparison of the Anecdote and Letter subjoined, and taken from the "Intercepted Correspondence."

*Anecdote.*—He permitted very few persons to be at all familiar with him: among these



was Madame Caesar Berthier, who frequently assisted in diverting his thoughts from war and politics, to the lighter occupations of draughts and chess. This lady, on one occasion, suspended a move at draughts, and addressed him thus:—"They tell me, First Consul, (such was he at that time,) that after the late bloody action, you were passing a wagon loaded with the wounded, among whom was one of your most devoted officers. The poor man, in all his agony, called to you, and endeavoured to attract your attention for a moment; as if that alone would be a sufficient compensation for his sufferings in your service. It is added, however, that you rode on without noticing him. Can this be true?"

Bonaparte.—"I recollect nothing of it; I did not, perhaps, hear him. At any rate, on such occasions, the mind of a general in chief is commonly very much distracted."—If he had stopped here, all would have been well. But, as if ashamed of any thing like a weakness of humanity, he added, "Besides, I do not pique myself upon my sensibility—d'ailleurs, la sensibilité n'est pas mon fort."

*Letter to Madame Brueys, after the battle of Aboukir, where Brueys commanded in chief, and was killed.*—"Your husband has been killed by a cannon ball, in a glorious contest on the very deck of his vessel. His death was what every soldier must envy; for it was instantaneous, and full of honour.

"I feel deeply for you. The moment that separates us from the object of our affections is terrible. It leaves us alone in the world. The body participates in the agonies of the mind. The faculties of the soul are annihilated; and every thing presents itself in the distorted phantoms of a troubled dream: men appear more cold, more selfish, more malicious, more detestable, than they really are. One feels, in such a situation, that if one was not obliged to live, death would be infinitely preferred. But as soon as these first painful emotions begin to subside, the mother presses her children to her bosom, derives consolation from her tears and her recollections, and is content to support life for their sake. Let me entreat then, madam, that you admit them immediately to your presence; they may open the wounds of your heart afresh, but it will heal them the better. Weep with them, watch over their infancy, cultivate their advancing years. Talk to them of their father, of the blessings you enjoyed, of the loss sustained by you, by them, and by their country. When you shall have recovered, in some degree, that interest in what passes around you, which the feelings of a mother will first revive, think occasionally of the regard and attachment which I must always entertain towards the wife and children of my lost friend. Be persuaded that there are men, not many indeed, who deserve to be the consolation of

misery, because they sympathize profoundly in all the emotions of the soul.

"BONAPARTE."

*Maxims by Dr. Johnson. (Not published in his Works.)*—1. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in times past.

2. Of real evils the number is great; of possible evils there is no end.

3. The desire of fame, not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

4. Flashy, light and loud conversation is often a cloak for cunning; as showy life and a gay outside spread, now and then, a thin covering over avarice and poverty.

5. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful. Power is nothing but as it is felt; and the delight of superiority is in proportion to the resistance overcome.

6. Old times have bequeathed us a precept to be merry and wise; but who has been able to observe it? Prudence soon spoils mirth.

7. The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome; and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

8. It is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket. A very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

9. There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it, cannot be loved, nor will, by me at least, be thought worthy of esteem.

10. In the world there is much tenderness where there is no misfortune; and much courage where there is no danger.

11. He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare; and, as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his foot upon dry ground, may pluck another out of the waters; but of those that are afloat, none has any care but for himself.

12. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or useless; but they are not useless when they are late. It is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.

13. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life. Hyperbolic praise only corrupts the tongue of the giver, and the ears of the receiver.

14. The fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity, are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.

15. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished. Esteem of great powers or amiable qualities

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newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found or lost; but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

16. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn self-sufficiency, self-centred, and neglects the exchange of that social officiousness by which we are habitually endeared to each other. To be without friendship is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state. To have no assistance from other minds in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution.

*Female Actresses. (From Cibber's Life.)*—

"Before the restoration, no actresses had ever been seen upon the English stage. The characters of women were performed by boys or young men of effeminate appearance; and what grace, or *master-strokes of action*, can we conceive such ungainly hoydens to have been capable of?"

"This defect was so well considered by Shakspeare, that, in few of his plays, has he any greater dependence upon the *ladies* (who *would trust such ladies!*) than in the *innocence and simplicity* of a Desdemona, an Ophelia, or in the *short specimen* of a fond and virtuous Portia.

"Though, as before observed, women were not admitted to the stage till the return of Charles the 2d, yet it could not so suddenly be supplied with them but that there was still a necessity, for some time, to put the handsomest young men into petticoats; which Kynaston, it was then said, wore *with success*; particularly in the part of Evadne, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, which I have heard him speak of, and which calls to my mind a ridiculous distress that arose from *this sort of shifts* which the stage was then put to. The King, coming a little before his usual time to a Tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin; and his majesty, not chusing to have as much patience as his subjects, sent to know the meaning of it: upon which the Manager came to the King's box, and judging that the truth would form the best excuse, fairly told his majesty that "the Queen was not yet *shaved*." The King, who loved a joke, accepted the apology, which served to divert him till the *male queen* was *effeminated*. In a word, Kynaston was, at that time, so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality *prided themselves* on taking him with them in their coaches, to Hyde Park, in his *theatrical habit*, after the play; which, in those days, they had time to do; because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock.

"Of the truth of this, I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his own

mouth, in his advanced age. And, indeed, to the last of him, his handsomeness was very little abated: *even at past sixty, his teeth were all sound, white and even* (some women don't mind the loss of a few teeth) as one would wish to see in a reigning toast of twenty. He had something of a *formal gravity in his mien*, which was attributed to the stately step he had been so early confined to, in a *female dignity*."

[The following article is peculiarly interesting, as it serves to display the talents and learning, not only of an individual, but in some measure of the southern states. While we, here in the focus of illumination, look to the north, to the south, the east and the west, for the rays of intelligence which we would concentrate and reflect with added lustre, we do not turn to either point in vain. It has been said that we choose to effuse our own lights upon our southern neighbours, and then close our eyes to the brilliancy of genius which distinguishes them. If this be true, we can gain nothing by voluntary blindness, and we may refute the imputation of it, and do an act of justice, by availing ourselves of every occasion to celebrate and to profit by eloquence, piety, and sensibility, such as is exhibited in the subjoined extract from Mr. Elliott's Address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina,]

"*Let the humble be exalted.*"—Hardly any one who understands Latin sufficiently to read a Treatise on Education, can be a stranger to the beautiful passage of Cicero which we *transcribe*, and which has so often been enlisted into the service of those whose object it is to recommend literary pursuits. It is taken from the oration for Archias. "*Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur; si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur: tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem humanis sima, mac liberalis sima judicaretis. Nam caetera neque temporum sunt, neque aetatum omnium, neque locorum: at haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticantur.*"

This exquisite display of the advantages arising from *sound education* cannot be read without delight, nor forgotten, when once it has been read. It was probably present to the mind of our highly esteemed countryman Mr. Elliott, when he wrote his "Address to the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina." If he *meant* to imitate it, he has succeeded most happily: if it did not serve him as a model, he has *rivalled* it. He thus recommends to his hearers and readers (we copy from the *printed discourse*) the study of Natural History:

"In an accurate and extended view, the

science of Natural History includes almost every object of pursuit; but, in its general acceptation, it is confined to the three great divisions of Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy. Besides the extensive relations which this science bears to man, besides its multiplied uses, permit me to recommend it to the attention of men of wealth and leisure, if only on the more humble ground of occupation and amusement. While it gives employment to the understanding and habits of accurate and extensive observation, it does not require the deep and long abstraction of metaphysical inquiries, nor the laborious exertions and manual dexterity of chemical experiments. It is every where present. It meets you in the air, on the earth, or on the water. It can be brought into the closet, or surround you at the fire-side. In the examination of natural substances, you meet with every beauty that arises from colour; every delight that springs from fragrance; every grace that depends on form—mingled with the pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of inexhaustible variety. If to the eye of taste, the lawn, the grove, the mountain, the stream, the ocean, the bosom of inanimate nature, afford unsated pleasure; what must be the increase, when science gives to every object that surrounds you, intelligence and life; when the earth on which you tread, becomes animate; when every rock, every plant, every insect, presents to the view an organization so wonderful, so varied, so complex; an adaptation of means to ends so simple, so diversified, so extensive, so perfect, that the wisdom of man shrinks abashed at the comparison. Nor is it

to present existences that our observations are confined. The mind will sometimes delight to retrace the march of ages, to review the great formations of the Universe, to examine, of earth, the creation, the dissolution, the continued reproduction. To admire that harmony, which, while it has taught each being instinctively to pursue the primary objects of its creation, has rendered them all subservient to secondary purposes.

"We find every where life, intelligence and order. We feel ourselves surrounded by monuments of immeasurable power, incomprehensible wisdom, illimitable goodness.—We survey and examine them until knowledge is lost in astonishment, until wonder ends in adoration. We exclaim, with the Psalmist, 'Great and wonderful are thy works, Lord God Almighty! In wisdom hast thou made them!'" *Address, pp. 9, 10.*

How much the improved state of science, and the enlarged views of the Christian religion, have carried the orator beyond his Heathen Prototype, we need not remark. We meant only to compare them where there were points of resemblance; but we will not apologize for extending a quotation that does honour to our country. We conclude with a sentence of the great Roman, which immediately follows what we have above cited from him. It affords an animated lesson to the peevish, the narrow-minded, the envious. "*Quod si ipsi hæc neque attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari debemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus.*" *Cic. pro Archia.*

## Balaam.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.....*Shakspeare.*

[In the following letters, forming part of the voluminous unpublished correspondence of the fair authoress, we believe her credulity has been in one or two instances imposed upon by designing persons.]

### JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH THE EASTERN STATES.

*By an English Woman.*

#### LETTER I.

*My dear friend,*

It was on a pleasant afternoon, in the month of September, that I embarked on board the packet Phebe Ann, for Rhode-Island. I had determined to make the tour of the Eastern States, previous to my return to Old England, and I now found leisure to accomplish it.—You, my dear friend, who know my independent spirit, will not be surprised when I tell you, that I set off without that ridiculous at-

tendant, a *beau*; but the ladies of New-York were absolutely thunderstruck at my rashness. Pretty creatures! They cannot stir a step without the accompaniment of a coat and pantaloons; and I really think they would die with terror, to find themselves alone on board a packet. This is one of the absurd customs which civilization has entailed upon us poor females. For my part, I am determined to stand and move upon my own bottom. "Free as the air," is my motto, and I intend in my proposed work on the Rights of Women, to treat the subject at large.

But *revertens a nos moutons*. I hired a small negro to carry my portmanteau, which he performed with an intelligence and alacrity that surprised me. And when I paid him his fee, he made me a bow that would not have disgraced a ball room. The people of colour in this city, have arrived at a high degree of



refinement. They give balls and routs of uncommon splendor, which I am told are managed with the greatest decorum. I visited their theatre in the upper part of the city, which is fitted up with much taste. The performers were all dressed in the most appropriate costume; and *Othello* was enacted by a real blackamoor, with great effect. A melodrama, by Major Noah, the Shakspeare and Sheriff of the City, closed the performance. This last piece seemed to give general satisfaction, and, on the falling of the curtain, the author was called for amid loud and reiterated plaudits. He accordingly made his appearance; telling the audience, that as he had only come to keep the peace, they must excuse him from making a speech on the occasion.

Some of the black citizens, I am told, are immensely rich. In general, their dresses equal those of the whites in taste and magnificence. It is a pleasing sight, on a Sunday afternoon, to see them returning from church with their families; their countenances exhibiting genuine devotion, and their whole deportment great modesty and propriety. Honesty is a general characteristic among them; and though some delicate stomachs may object to their peculiar odour, I know no class of society more estimable for their worth, or more agreeable in their manners.

But to return to my voyage. Besides myself, there were only two or three passengers on board, who I found were merchants from the eastward, returning home with their goods. The crew consisted of the captain, steward, cook, and three hands. All these, as I afterwards discovered, from the captain, a hardy veteran from Nantucket, down to the cook, who was as black and as greasy as his own pots, thoroughly understood the constitution and laws of their country, and were tolerably well versed in the histories of ancient Greece and Rome.

After tea, which, by the bye, was a meal that the most fastidious epicure might have envied, though produced by the solitary efforts of our cook in his smoky little fore-castle, I went on deck. The moon was shining with that peculiarly pre-eminent and pellucid brightness, which, at once radiant and chaste, beams on this country alone. Our sloop was gliding with a rapid, but imperceptible motion, through the illumined waters of the sound. My brain grew almost giddy with gazing on the blue element, burnished with silver, and fretted with innumerable stars, and reflecting every part of our bark downwards in its perspicuous bosom, till the eye ached with exploring the clear profundity. One of the hands was sitting on the companion-way, wrapt in a watch coat, and apparently buried in pensive philosophic reflection. I sat down by his side. He turned towards me; and his whole demeanour evinced the instinctive po-

liteness of his countrymen. He was chewing tobacco—a practice prevalent among the Americans, and one to which I ascribe the calm and contemplative character of their minds. He offered me his pouch with great respect. He meant it as a compliment, and I assure you I felt it as such.

While we thus sat gazing on the beautiful scene around us, our attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a dark body struggling in the water. Twice it rose, rippled the surface by a convulsive movement, and disappeared. The captain, who was steering, the rugged seaman, and myself, rushed to the gangway, and bent our eyes with intense interest upon the spot where the object had disappeared. "Some unfortunate fisherman had been late on the water. His boat had filled, or capsized; the fishes he had caught were restored to their native element; and he had gone along for bait. His family had prepared their frugal evening meal for his reception. His wife was anxiously expecting his return; and his children were waiting on the beach, earnestly gazing for their papa in his boat. Alas! he had twice sunk, and was now to rise for the last time on this side eternity, and then to sink for ever!" Such was the instantaneous train of thought that passed through our minds, when the object of our attention did indeed rise; but it sprung this time quite out of the water, scattering the spray in every direction. It looked like a great hump-backed hog, and the captain exclaimed, with an air of great mortification, "It's nothing but a d—d porpoise."

We again resumed our sedentary postures; and were soon deeply engaged in a disquisition on the nature, and peculiar excellencies of a republican form of government. Much learning was displayed on this subject by the Hand. As he was endeavouring to prove the fallacy of a doubtful theory of Montesquieu, I was surprised by the apparition of the black cook, who, suddenly emerging from the fore-castle, mid volumes of smoke, displayed the upper half of his person, and quoted the *Federalist*, to disprove the assertions of the seaman.

Having finished our discussion, I retired to the cabin. Seated by the table, I found the mulatto steward, reading Adam Smith on political economy. One of the passengers was perusing Thucydides in the original; another was writing, he told me, on perpetual motion, and showed me the model of a machine, which, he said, had been going for a fortnight, and would never stop till it was worn out by the friction.

"Happy country!" exclaimed I, as I retired to my birth; "where every man is a politician, and a philosopher! where taxes are unknown! where worth and talent are the only passports to wealth and distinction; where faction and tyranny are alike stran-

gers, and the rights of man are perfectly defined and vindicated!" I fell asleep; and dreamed that the whole world was revolutionized; and that women were declared capable of exercising the right of suffrage, and of holding any office, ministerial or judicial.

## LETTER II.

It was on the second morning after our departure, that we found ourselves opposite the large and beautiful city of New London. We had put into the harbour during the night, on account of the lightness of the wind, and the hazy weather. There being a probability of our being detained for some hours, I got two of the sailors to row me ashore, that I might see the city. New London is one of the most flourishing sea-ports in the Union. The silver Thames gliding majestically along, and reflecting from its broad surface the most beautiful villas and country-seats; the harbour crowded with vessels from the four quarters of the globe; the quays loaded with merchandize, and the hum and bustle of business, forcibly reminded me of its great prototype on the other side of the water. Perhaps I should not say so; for in England, and English cities, every thing reminds us of decay, and points, as it were, with reverted finger, to the faded glories of antiquity: while in America, all breathes of youth and vigour, and seems to indicate a long futurity of proud and still increasing triumph. Every house, and stately temple, and splendid shop in New-London, has an appearance of freshness and novelty. Thousands yearly resort to it from the other states for the purposes of enterprize. It must, however, be a very ancient city; for I saw the tombstones of two men who were stated to have been born, and died there; one of whom was aged 564, and the other 756 years. I think, however, there must be some mistake in these inscriptions.

Opposite New London, and about a mile from the pleasant village of Groton, there is a fort and chain of redoubts, on a commanding eminence. This place is rendered classical in American history, by the bloody engagement which took place here, during the revolutionary struggle. I made a pedestrian excursion to the fort; and found the keeper, an old soldier who was left to take care of the place, hoeing potatoes. He answered very politely to my interrogatories, and pointed out to me the spot where his brave countrymen who fell there, were buried. It was a quarter of a mile farther; and that devotion to the cause of liberty, which has always inspired my bosom, prompted me to make a pilgrimage to their graves. This was not a task of small difficulty, though the distance was so trifling; as my path lay through a new ploughed field. In the course of my walk, I noticed several

places, where the earth appeared to have been artificially excavated. But whether these holes were the graves of Pequod Indians, whose whole tribe was once almost totally destroyed in a terrible battle fought but a few miles from this spot, or of the British, or the Americans, or no graves at all, I was ignorant, and had no cicerone to inform me. But, as I advanced into a desert field, strewed with gray stones, I observed an old man, sitting on one of them, in a contemplative attitude, motionless and unconcerned as a philosopher, when hearing the 'mighty crack' of nature, giving up the ghost with awful spasms.

"Pray, old gentleman," said I, "can you tell me where the British soldiers were buried here formerly?" The old man looked very leisurely up, and opening his eyes, slowly and dryly said, "Did you come on board of the whale brig?" "No, my friend," I replied, "I have never been engaged in that business; I wish to know where the British were buried?" The old man, however, not being able to divest himself of the association he had formed in his mind, between me and a whale, asked me, "what was the price of whalebone?" "My dear Sir," I said, "I am ignorant of the worth of that article; I have only seen two or three whales in my life, and those I had no desire to trouble. Can you not tell me where the British are interred?" "Why," said the old man, who do you want to bury now?" I turned away in despair. This was the only instance of perverse equivocation I had met with in this country; the Yankees being particularly celebrated for answering every question, directly and promptly.

\* \* \* \* \*

On my return to the packet, I found that the number of our crew was increased, by the addition of an honest tar, with whom I soon entered into conversation. I found him very affable; and on complaining of his being dry, I asked him what he would take to drink. He thanked me, and answered very politely, that he would take a gin cocktail. This term, peculiar to the Americans, I did not, at the time, understand: but in a subsequent conversation which I had with Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, who is deservedly regarded as the second Franklin, and who has lately had a diamond ring, worth five thousand pounds sterling, sent him, as a token of affection, by the Emperor of Russia, I found that cocktail is a generic term for any mixture of spirituous liquor with sugar and bitters; that it is derived from the similar mixture of colours in the tail of the male bird of that name; and that it is very wholesome for the body, as well as quickening to the intellect. It certainly had a very agreeable effect on the conversable talents of my companion; and he related to me many interesting anecdotes, one of which deserves recording. In his narration, I knew not whe-

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ther most to admire his unparalleled courage, or his apparent unconsciousness of deserving praise.

In the dreadful battle, which took place in Long Island Sound, between the American frigate *President* of thirty-six guns, and the British *Chesapeake*, seventy-four, this gallant son of Neptune was on board the latter, into which he had been pressed before the war, though a native of Connecticut. Sorely against his inclination he was compelled to witness the strife, and to work the guns of the *Chesapeake* against his countrymen. But when the *President* had succeeded in board-

ing the superior vessel of the enemy, this valiant person quitting the side he had been forced to volunteer on, headed the boarders; seized the British *Commodore* by the throat; and wrested his sword from his hand. He then hauled down the British colours; resisting with superhuman strength, and agility, the combined opposition of all on board. For this behaviour, Congress voted him twenty dollars. I am the more particular in stating these facts, as I believe they are not generally known.

After a pleasant sail of a day and a night, we reached Providence. I shall write again from Boston.

## Select.

### GERMAN POPULAR AND TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

ONE of the most prominent and peculiar features of the traditional tales of Germany, is the repeated allusion to the existence in some remote age of two conflicting races, the one of giant, the other of dwarfish dimensions. The giants are always depicted as making irruptions upon, and generally ejecting, the dwarfs, who, in their turn, are described as fleeing for refuge to holes in the rocks and forests, where they are proscribed as mischievous freebooters, who availed themselves of every opportunity, and even of magical arts, to vex and plunder their conquerors. The historic groundwork of these traditions is evidently of very high antiquity. The dwarfs are very different personages from the pigmies that appear singly in the pages of later romance, as pieces of court furniture, or as the messengers of the courteous knight and his lady. They are here free agents, acting in bodies, forming states, warred on, and warring in return; men who were by no means despicable enemies, and who "Though they look'd so little, did strong things sometimes."

Wherever or however these tales arose, certain it is, that the feuds between these supposed dwarf and giant tribes have intermingled themselves with every species of popular tradition, from the Eddas and Sagas of Scandinavia, to the gossiping stories of the nursery, in which we meet, in various guises, the friend of our youth, Thomas Thumb, and the more imposing personage

"Who sat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale."

In the oldest poetic reliques of the North, we find the same class of beings answering in all their attributes to their counterparts in popular story; though, as might be expected, the poet generally bedecks his heroes with a large proportion of the marvellous. As an illustration of this, we shall make a few extracts from the poetic version of the exploits of a monarch of the pigmies, the renowned

King Laurin, who in sober history was monarch of some powerful German nation.

In the "Little Garden of Roses," which is generally quoted as forming part of the *Heldenbuch*, this little monarch is a most conspicuous figure. Similt sallies forth with Dietlieb, her brother, to hold her rural festivities under the linden tree of the forest. In the midst of their revelry, she is carried off by the little king, who puts upon her the "*tarn*," or "*nebel-cap*," which has the power of rendering its wearer invisible, and bears her as a prize to his court in the forest.

He bore her to his cave  
Where he ruled in royalty,  
O'er hill and valley wild,  
With his little chivalry.

Dietlieb and his knights set forth in pursuit of the lady, and in the course of their journey are informed of the exploits and wondrous power of the king. They are told that his great pride is in his magnificent Garden of Roses, round which is drawn a silken line; and that any luckless wight who trespassed on his majesty's parterres would rue the aggression.

The tale is repeated to Dietrich (or Theodorich) of Bern (Verona) and Wittich his friend, and they immediately resolve to try the mettle of the monarch by rifling his roses. Theodorich is, however, on arriving at the spot, ravished with the beauty of the scene;—not so Wittich; he has no horticultural taste, and commences forthwith the work of destruction. The pride of the garden soon lay prostrate, and the heroes sat musing on their doughty exploit, when on a sudden the owner appears. We shall give his portrait in a few stanzas, in translating which, we confess we have done little more than put a new dress upon the correct but demi-prose version contained in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities."

Behold there came a little kemp,  
In warlike manner dight,  
A king he was o'er many a land  
And Laurin was he hight.

A lance with gold entwined round  
 The little king did bear,  
 And on the lance a pennon gay  
 Wav'd fluttering in the air.  
 And thereupon two greyhounds fleet  
 Right seemly were portray'd,  
 And always look'd as though they chac'd  
 The roebuck through the glade.  
 His courser bounded like a fawn  
 With golden trappings gay,  
 And costly gems around him shone,  
 Bright glittering as the day.  
 And in his hand the hero grasp'd  
 Right firm the golden rein;  
 With ruby red the saddle gleam'd  
 As he prick'd o'er the plain.

Around his waist a girdle fair  
 He wore of magic might;  
 The power of twelve the stoutest men  
 It gave him for the fight.

Cunning he was, and deep of skill,  
 And when his wrath arose  
 The foe must be of mickle power  
 That could withstand his blows.

And tall at times his stature grew  
 With spells of grammarie,  
 Then to the noblest princes he  
 A fellow meet might be.

A crown of purest gold he bore  
 Upon his helmet bright,  
 With richer gems or finer gold,  
 No mortal king is dight.

And on the crown and tow'ring helm  
 Birds sung their merry lay;  
 The nightingale and lark did chant  
 Their melodies so gay.—

It seem'd as on the greenwood tree  
 They tun'd their minstrelsy;  
 By hand of master were they wrought,  
 With spells of grammarie.—

A savage combat ensues, and when the king is obliged to yield a little to the superior strength of Theodoric, he has recourse to the friendly "*tarn-cap*," which makes him, of course, invisible, and enables him to strike with greater effect. Of this resource, however, he is, in the end, deprived; and, after a long struggle, a reconciliation is effected. The champions are then invited to the king's palace, in the forest. The scene there is described in a passage of considerable beauty; the whole of which we regret that our limits will not allow us to quote.

There all the live-long day and night  
 The birds full sweetly sang,  
 And through the forest and the plain  
 Their gentle measures rang.

For there they tuned their melody,  
 And each one bore his part;  
 So that with merry minstrelsy  
 They cheer'd each hero's heart.

And o'er the plain there ranged free  
 Of beasts both wild and tame;  
 In merry gambols there they played  
 Full many a lusty game.

The meadows there so lovely seem'd,  
 The flowers bloom'd so fair,  
 Certes, the lord who rul'd that plain  
 Could know nor wo nor care.

The traditional tales of the Hartz have continual reference to the same dissensions between rival nations of different stature. Its wilds and mountain-fastnesses, even the existing names of places, are every where associated with tales of wars, conducted against inferior tribes, of their conquest and lingering resistance, their predatory incursions on the possessions of their triumphant enemies, and in the end, their total expulsion or extermination. Concealment in rocks and woods became the only protection of the vanquished party, and poetic fancy, as well as popular superstition, added the assistance of the *tarn* or *nebel-cap*, to shield the little warrior at times from the superior physical force of his opponent. This expedient reduced the attacked party to the necessity of playing a serious game of blindman's buff with his enemy, till, by some chance, he could displace the magical covering, and make caption of the convicted plunderer.

The following tale contains the current account of the final expulsion of the little marauders:

"Yonder holes in the rocks, on the south side of the Hartz, were formerly inhabited by the dwarfs; and are, on that account, called dwarf-holes. In general, they are so low and narrow, that full-grown men could only enter them by creeping on all-fours; but some have large roomy dwelling places within, capable of holding many persons. Between Walkenried and Neuhof, two large tribes of these dwarfs once dwelt. An inhabitant of those parts observed that his fruit and vegetables disappeared every night, but who was the thief he could by no means discover. At last he went to take counsel of a wise woman; and, by her advice, began late one evening to beat about in all directions in the air, over his pea-field, with a long pole. It was not long before several of the dwarfs stood before him in their proper figures; for he had knocked off the *nebel-caps*, which had till then made them invisible. The culprits fell trembling before him, and confessed themselves guilty of having been in the habit of robbing the fields, which they said hunger compelled them to resort to for subsistence.

"The story of the prisoners soon put the whole neighbourhood in commotion. The dwarfs at last sent ambassadors to beg for the release of their brethren, promising in return, to quit the country for ever. This was soon settled; but the mode of taking their depart-

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ture gave rise to much dispute. The farmers would not allow them to go off with all their plunder, and the dwarfs refused to be visible at their departure. At last it was agreed, that they should go over a little bridge, that led to Neuhof; that each of them, as he passed, should throw into a large vessel, to be set for the purpose, a certain part of his property, as a toll for free passage, but that none of the farmers should be present. And so it was arranged; but some curious folks hid themselves under the bridge, that they might hear the dwarfs go off. For many hours they heard nothing but the trampling of the little men, and it seemed just as if a great flock of sheep passed over the bridge. Since that time, only here and there one of these little animals has been seen; but every now and then, one of them has made his appearance from the holes of the mountains, and played mischievous pranks, such as stealing into the neighbouring houses and leaving changelings in the place of the infant children whom he chooses to carry off."

The German antiquarians are convinced that these stories are founded on historic fact. It is certain, that many of the Gothic tribes were of very large stature and strong muscular power, while other nations, such as the Huns, for instance, are represented as remarkable for natural inferiority, though in reality the difference was in no case very great. Caesar mentions the jeers of the Gauls at the inferior stature of the Romans, who must at any rate, have reached within a very few inches of their enemies' standard. But conquest everywhere created a disposition to insult and disparage the vanquished, and in this way we see more than one art employed to exalt the victor. In old drawings, the personages intended to be honoured, are exhibited as towering in size above the humiliated, and the captive Wittekin scarcely reaches above the knees of his conqueror Charlemagne. The nature of the combats, moreover, which are recorded between the rival races, proves strongly their natural origin: with all the pretended disparity of bodily power, the parties fight with apparently equal success, and with the same weapons, if we except the occasional use of the nebel-cap; whereas, if the whole had been a fiction of the imagination, each would have been endued with attributes and weapons suitable to his peculiar rank and character in the scale of beings.

The following tale gives the popular account of the formation of an immense mark or cavity in a rock, called the "Ross-trappe" or "Horse's footstep."

"More than a thousand years ago, all the country about the Hartz was inhabited by giants, who were heathens and sorcerers. They knew no joy but in murder and rapine.

If all other weapons failed them, they would tear up oaks of sixty years' growth, and fight with them. Whoever came in their way fell beneath their clubs, and all the women whom they could seize were carried off to wait upon their pleasure day and night.

"One of these giants, called Bohdo, who was immensely huge and powerful, spread terror through all the land. Before him trembled all the giants, both among the Bohemians and Franks. But Emma, the daughter of the King of the Riesen-gebirge, [the Giant-mountains,] would not yield to the suit which he urged. Neither strength nor cunning availed, for she was in league with a powerful spirit. One day, Bohdo beheld his beloved hunting at a distance on the mountains: he saddled his courser, which sprang over the plains at the rate of a mile in a minute, and swore by all the spirits of hell, to reach her this time or perish. He rushed on swift as the hawk flies, and had nearly overtaken her before she perceived that her enemy pursued her; when at the distance of two miles, she knew her enemy by the gate of a plundered town which he bore as a shield. Then spurred she swiftly her horse, and it flew from hill to hill, from rock to rock, over marshes, and through woods, till the trees of the forest cracked like stubble under its feet. Thus passed she over Thuringia and came to the mountains of the Hartz. Often did she hear, some miles behind her, the snorting of Bohdo's steed, and goaded on her own courser to new exertions.

"At length it came panting to the brink of the precipice, which is now called, the *Devil's Dancing-place*, from the triumph there of the spirits of hell. Emma looked down in horror, and her horse trembled, for the rock stood like a tower more than a thousand feet over the abyss below. From beneath, was faintly heard the rushing of the stream in the valley, which here curled itself into a frightful whirlpool. Above it, on the opposite side, rose another shelf of rock, which seemed scarcely wide enough to receive the fore-foot of her steed. Awhile she stood amazed and doubtful. Behind rushed the enemy more hateful to her than death; before lay the abyss, which seemed yawning to her destruction. Again she heard the snorting of her pursuer's horse, and in the terror of her heart, she cried to the spirits of her fathers for help, and reckless plunged her ell-long spurs into her courser's flank.

"And it sprang! sprang over the abyss of a thousand feet, reached happily the rocky shelf, and drove its hoof four feet deep into the hard stone, till the sparks of fire flew like lightning around. There is the footstep still! Time has not bated aught of its depth, and no rain shall wear away the track.—Emma was saved! but her royal crown of gold fell, du-



ring the leap, from her head into the abyss below. Bohdo saw only his Emma, and thought not of the precipice; he sprang after her with his war-horse, and plunged into the whirlpool which still bears his name. There, changed into a black hound, he watches the Princess's crown, that no one may draw it from the gulph.

"A diver was once induced, by large promises, to make the attempt—he plunged in, found the crown, and drew it up till the assembled crowd beheld the golden points.—Twice the burden escaped from his hands, and the people cried to him to renew the attack. He did so, and—a stream of blood tinged the pool, but the diver came up no more.

"The wanderer passes through that vale with chilly horror, for clouds and darkness hang around it, and the stillness of death broods over the abyss—no bird wings its way over, and in the dead of night the hollow bellowing of the heathen dog is often heard in the distance."

#### A SPANISH BULL-DAY,

(DIA DE TOROS) as it is emphatically called at Seville, stops all public and private business. On the preceding afternoon the Amphitheatre is thrown open to all sorts of people indiscriminately. Bands of military music enliven the bustling scene. The seats are occupied by such as wish to see the promenade on the arena, round which the ladies parade in their carriages, while every man seems to take pleasure in moving on the same spot where the fierce combat is to take place within a few hours. The spirits of the company are, in fact, pitched up by anticipation to the gay, noisy, and bold temper of the future sport.

Our amphitheatre is one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. A great part is built of stone; but, from want of money, the rest is wood. From ten to twelve thousand spectators may be accommodated with seats. These rise, uncovered, from an elevation of about eight feet above the arena, and are finally crowned by a gallery, from whence the wealthy behold the fights, free from the inconveniences of the weather. The lowest tier, however, is preferred by young gentlemen, as affording a clearer view of the wounds inflicted on the bull. This tier is protected by a parapet. Another strong fence, six feet high, is erected round the arena, leaving a space of about twenty between its area and the lower seats. Openings, admitting a man side-ways, are made in this fence, to allow the men on foot an escape when closely pursued by the bull. They, however, most generally leap over it, with uncommon agility. But bulls of a certain breed, will not be left behind, and they literally clear the fence. Falling into the vacant space before the seats,

the animal runs about till one of the gates is opened, through which he is easily drawn back to the arena.

Few among the lower classes retire to their beds on the eve of a *Bull-day*. From midnight they pour down the streets leading to the amphitheatre, in the most riotous and offensive manner, to be present at the Encierro—*shutting-in* of the bulls, which being performed at the break of day, is allowed to be seen without paying for seats. Those animals, are conducted from their native fields to a large plain in the neighbourhood of Seville, from whence eighteen, the number exhibited daily during the feasts, are led to the amphitheatre on the appointed day, that long confinement may not break down their fierceness. This operation has something extremely wild in its character. All the *amateurs* of the town are seen, on horseback, with their lances, hastening towards Tablada, the spot where the bulls are kept at large. The herdsman, on foot, collect the victims of the day into a drove; this they do by means of tame oxen, called Cabestros, taught to be led by a halter, carrying, tied round their neck, a large deep-sounding bell, with a wooden clapper. What the habit of following the bells of the leaders fails to do, the cracking of the herdsman's slings is sure to perform, when the animals are not driven to madness. The horsemen, besides, stand on all sides of the drove till they get it into a round trot. Thus they proceed to within half a mile of the amphitheatre. At that distance a path is closed up on both sides, with stout poles, tied horizontally across upright stakes—a feeble rampart, indeed, against the fury of a herd of wild bulls. Yet the Sevillian mob, though fully aware of the danger, are mad enough to take pleasure in exposing themselves. The intolerable noise in my street, and the invitation of a member of the Maestranza—a corporate association of noblemen, whose object is the breeding and breaking of horses, and who in this town enjoy the exclusive privilege of giving bull-feasts to the public, induced me, during the last season, to get up one morning with the dawn, and take my stand at the amphitheatre, where, from their private gallery, I commanded a view of the plain lying between the river Guadalquivir, and that building.

At the distant sound of the oxen's bells, shoals of people were seen driving wildly over the plain, like clouds before a strong gale. One could read in their motions, a struggle between fear on one side, and vanity and habit on the other. Now they approached the palisade, now they ran to a more distant spot. Many climbed up the trees, while the more daring or fool-hardy, kept their station on what they esteemed a post of honour. As our view was terminated by a narrow pass be-

tween the river and the ancient tower called del Oro, or Golden, the cavalcade broke upon us with great effect. It approached at full gallop. The leading horsemen, now confined within the palisades, and having the whole herd at their heels, were obliged to run for their lives. Few, however, ventured on this desperate service, and their greatest force was on the rear. The herdsman clinging to the necks of the oxen, in order to keep pace with the horses, appeared, to an unpractised eye, doomed to inevitable destruction. The cries of the multitude, the sound of numberless horns, made of the hollow stem of a large species of thistle, the shrill and penetrating whistling which seems most to harass and enrage the bulls, together with the confused and rapid motion of the scene, could hardly be endured without a degree of dizziness. It often happens, that the boldest of the mob, succeed in decoying a bull from the drove; but I was, this time, fortunate enough to see them safely lodged in the Toril—a small court divided into a series of compartments with drop-gates, in the form of sluices, into which they are successively goaded from a surrounding gallery, and lodged singly till the time of letting them loose upon the arena.

The custom of this town requires that a bull be given to the populace immediately after the *shutting-in*. The irregular fight that ensues is perfectly disgusting and shocking. The only time I have witnessed it, the area of the amphitheatre was actually crowded with people, both on horse and foot. Fortunately their numbers distracted the animal: on whatever side he charged large masses ran before him, on which he would have made a dreadful havoc, but for the multitude which drew his attention to another spot. Yet one of the crowd, evidently in a state of intoxication, stood still before the bull, was tossed up to a great height, and fell apparently dead. He would have been gored to pieces before our eyes, had not the herdsman and some other good fighters drawn away the beast with their cloaks.

Such horrors are frequent at these irregular fights; yet neither the cruelty of the sport, nor the unnecessary danger to which even the most expert bull-fighters expose their lives, nor the debauch and profligacy attendant on such exhibitions, are sufficient to rouse the zeal of our fanatics against them. Our popular preachers have succeeded twice, within my recollection, in shutting up the theatre. I have myself seen a friar with a crucifix in his hand, stop at its door, at the head of an evening procession, and, during a considerable part of the performance, conjure the people, as they valued their souls, not to venture into that abode of sin; but I never heard from these holy guardians of morals, the least observation against bull-fighting: and

even our *high-flyers* in devotion—the *Philippians*, whom we might call our Methodists, allow all, except clergymen, to attend these bloody-scenes, while they deny absolution to any who do not renounce the play.

Before quitting the amphitheatre I was taken by my friend to the gallery from which the bulls were being goaded into their separate stalls. As it stands only two or three feet above their heads, I could not but feel a degree of terror at such a close view of those fiery savage eyes, those desperate efforts to reach the beholders, accompanied by repeated and ferocious bellowings. There is an intelligence and nobleness in the lion that makes him look much less terrific in his den. I saw the *Divisa*, a bunch of ribbons tied to a barbed steel point, stuck into the bulls' necks. It is intended to distinguish the breeds by different combinations of colours, which are stated in handbills, sold about the streets.

Ten is the appointed hour to begin the morning exhibition; and such days are fixed upon as will not, by a long church-service, prevent the attendance of the canons and prebendaries, who choose to be present; for the chapter, in a body, receive a regular invitation from the *Maestranza*. Such, therefore, as have secured seats, may stay at home till the tolling of the great bell announces the elevation of the host—a ceremony which takes place near the conclusion of the daily morning service.

The view of the Seville amphitheatre, when full, is very striking. Most people attend in the Andalusian dress. The colour of the men's cloaks, which are of silk, in the fine season, varies from purple to scarlet. The short loose jackets of the men display the most lively hues, and the white veils of the females, which are generally worn at these meetings, tell beautifully with the rest of their gay attire.

The clearing of the arena, on which a multitude lounge till the last moment, is part of the show, and has the appropriate appellation of *Despejo*. This is performed by a regiment of infantry. The soldiers entering at one of the gates in a column, display their ranks, at the sound of martial music, and sweep the people before them as they march across the ground. This done, the gates are closed, the soldiers perform some evolutions, in which the commanding officer is expected to show his ingenuity, till having placed his men in a convenient position, they disband in a moment, and hide themselves behind the fence.

The band of *Toreros* (bull-fighters) one half in blue, the other in scarlet cloaks, now advance in two lines across the arena, to make obeisance to the president. Their number is generally twelve or fourteen, including the two *Matadores*, each attended by an assistant called *Mediaespada* (demi-sword.) Close in

their rear follow the Picadores (pikemen) on horseback, wearing scarlet jackets trimmed with silver lace. The shape of the horsemen's jackets resembles those in use among the English post-boys. As a protection to the legs and thighs, they have strong leather overalls, stuffed to an enormous size with soft brown paper—a substance which is said to offer great resistance to the bull's horns. After making their bow to the president, the horsemen take their post in a line to the left of the gate which is to let in the bulls, standing in the direction of the barrier at the distance of thirty or forty paces from each other. The fighters on foot, without any weapon or means of defence, except their cloaks, wait, not far from the horses, ready to give assistance to the pikemen. Every thing being thus in readiness, a constable, in the ancient Spanish costume, rides up to the front of the principal gallery, and receives into his hat the key of the Toril or bulls' den, which the president flings from the balcony. Scarcely has the constable delivered the key under the steward's gallery, when, at the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sound amid a storm of applause, the gates are flung open, and the first bull rushes into the amphitheatre. I shall describe what, on the day I allude to, our connoisseurs deemed an interesting fight, and if you imagine it repeated, with more or less danger and carnage, eight times in the morning and ten in the evening, you will have a pretty accurate notion of the whole performance.

The bull paused a moment and looked wildly upon the scene; then, taking notice of the first horseman, made a desperate charge against him. The ferocious animal was received at the point of the pike, which, according to the laws of the game, was aimed at the fleshy part of the neck. A dexterous motion of the bridle hand and right leg made the horse evade the bull's horn, by turning to the left. Made fiercer by the wound, he instantly attacked the next pikeman, whose horse, less obedient to the rider, was so deeply gored in the chest that he fell dead on the spot. The impulse of the bull's thrust threw the rider on the other side of the horse. An awful silence ensued. The spectators rising from their seats, beheld in fearful suspense the wild bull goring the fallen horse, while the man, whose only chance of safety depended on lying motionless, seemed dead to all appearance. This painful scene lasted but a few seconds; for the men on foot, by running toward the bull, in various directions, waving their cloaks and uttering loud cries, soon made him quit the horse to pursue them. When the danger of the pikeman was passed, and he rose on his legs to vault upon another horse, the burst of applause might be heard at the farthest extremity of the town. Dauntless, and urged by

revenge, he now galloped forth to meet the bull. But, without detailing the shocking sights that followed, I shall only mention that the ferocious animal attacked the horsemen ten successive times, wounded four horses and killed two. One of these noble creatures, though wounded in two places, continued to face the bull without shrinking, till growing too weak, he fell down with the rider. Yet these horses are never trained for the fights; but are bought for the amount of thirty or forty shillings, when, worn out with labour, or broken by disease, they are unfit for any other service.

A flourish of the bugles discharged the horsemen till the beginning of the next combat, and the amusement of the people devolved on the Banderilleros,—the same whom we have hitherto seen attentive to the safety of the horsemen. The Banderilla, literally, little flag, from which they take their name, is a shaft of two feet in length, pointed with a barbed steel, and gayly ornamented with many sheets of painted paper, cut into reticulated coverings. Without a cloak, and holding one of these darts in each hand, the fighter runs up to the bull, and stopping short when he sees himself attacked, he fixes the two shafts, without flinging them, behind the horns of the beast at the very moment when it stoops to toss him. The painful sensation makes the bull throw up his head without inflicting the intended blow, and while he rages in impotent endeavours to shake off the hanging darts that gall him, the man has full leisure to escape. It is on these occasions, when the Banderilleros fail to fix the darts, that they require their surprising swiftness of foot. Being without the protection of a cloak, they are obliged to take instantly to flight. The bull follows them at full gallop; and I have seen the man leap the barrier, so closely pursued by the enraged brute, that it seemed as if he had sprung up, by placing the feet on its head. Some of the darts are set with squibs and crackers. The match, a piece of tinder, made of a dried fungus, is so fitted to the barbed point, that, rising by the pressure which makes it penetrate the skin, it touches the train of the fireworks. The only object of this refinement of cruelty is to confuse the bull's instinctive powers, and, by making him completely frantic, to diminish the danger of the Matador, who is never so exposed as when the beast is collected enough to meditate the attack.

At the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sounded the death signal, and the Matador came forward. Pepe Illo, the pride of this town, and certainly one of the most graceful and dexterous fighters that Spain has ever produced, having flung off his cloak, approached the bull with a quick, light, and fearless step. In his left hand he held a



square piece of red cloth, spread upon a staff about two feet in length, and in his right a broad sword not much longer. His attendants followed him at a distance. Facing the bull, within six or eight yards, he presented the red flag, keeping his body partially concealed behind it, and the sword entirely out of view. The bull rushed against the red cloth, and our hero slipped by his side by a slight circular motion, while the beast passed under the lure which the Matador held in the first direction, till he had evaded the horns. Enraged by this deception, and unchecked by any painful sensation, the bull collected all his strength for a desperate charge. Pepe Illo now levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and, turning upon his right foot as the animal approached him, ran the weapon nearly up to the hilt into its body. The bull staggered, tottered, and dropped gently upon his bent legs; but had yet too much life in him for any man to venture near with safety. The unfortunate Illo has since perished from a wound inflicted by a bull in a similar state. The Matador observed, for one or two minutes, the signs of approaching death in the fierce animal now crouching before him, and at his bidding, an attendant crept behind the bull and struck him dead, by driving a small poignard at the jointure of the spine and the head. This operation is never performed, except when the prostrate bull lingers. I once saw Illo, at the desire of the spectators, inflict this merciful blow in a manner which nothing but ocular demonstration would have made me believe. Taking the poignard, called *Puntilla*, by the blade, he poised it for a few moments, and jerked it with such unerring aim on the bull's neck, as he lay on his bent legs, that he killed the animal with the quickness of lightning.

Four mules, ornamented with large morricebells and ribbons, harnessed a-breast, and drawing a beam furnished with an iron hook in the middle, galloped to the place where the bull lay. This machine being fastened to a rope previously thrown round the dead animal's horns, he was swiftly dragged out of the amphitheatre.

I have now given you a more minute, and I trust, more correct description of every thing connected with the bull-fights, than has ever been drawn by any traveller. The risk of the fighters is great, and their dexterity alone prevents its being imminent. The lives most exposed are those of the Matadores; and few of them have retired in time to avoid a tragical end. Bull-fighters rise from the dregs of the people. As most of their equals, they unite superstition and profligacy in their character. None of them will venture upon the arena without a *scapulary*, two small square pieces of cloth suspended by ribbons, on the breast and back, between the shirt and the waist-

coat. In the front square there is a print, on linen, of the Virgin Mary—generally, the *Carmel Mary*, who is the patron goddess of all the rogues and vagabonds in Spain. These *scapularies* are blessed and sold by the Carmelite Friars. Our great Matador, Pepe Illo, besides the usual amulet, trusted for safety to the patronage of St. Joseph, whose chapel adjoins the Seville amphitheatre. The doors of this chapel were, during Illo's life, thrown open as long as the fight continued, the image of the saint being all that time encircled by a great number of lighted wax candles, which the devout gladiator provided at his own expense. The Saint, however, unmindful of this homage, allowed his client often to be wounded, and finally left him to his fate at Madrid.

To enjoy the spectacle I have described, the feelings must be greatly perverted; yet that degree of perversion is very easily accomplished. The display of courage and address which is made at these exhibitions, and the contagious nature of all emotions in numerous assemblies, are more than sufficient to blunt, in a short time, the natural disgust arising from the first view of blood and slaughter. If we consider that even the Vestals at Rome were passionately fond of gladiatorial shows, we shall not be surprised at the Spanish taste for sports which, with infinite less waste of human life, can give rise to the strongest emotions.

The following instance, with which I shall conclude, will show you to what degree the passion for bull-fights can grow. A gentleman of my acquaintance had, some years ago, the misfortune of losing his sight. It might be supposed, that a blind man would avoid the scene of his former enjoyment—a scene where every thing is addressed to the eye. This gentleman, however, is a constant attendant at the amphitheatre. Morning and evening he takes his place with the *Maestranza*, of which he is a member, having his guide by his side. Upon the appearance of every bull he greedily listens to the description of the animal, and of all that takes place in the fight. His mental conception of the exhibition, aided by the well known cries of the multitude, is so vivid, that when a burst of applause allows his attendant just to hint at the event that drew it from the spectators, the unfortunate man's face gleams with pleasure, and he echoes the last clappings of the circus.

*New Monthly Mag.*

It was a remark made by Montesquieu, that in proportion as any people love liberty, the milder are their punishments. The ancient Germans and Scandinavians, the most brave and free race of men that perhaps ever existed, knew scarcely any other than pecuniary penalties. In the Eastern despotisms,

blood is for ever flowing, and corporal punishments follow upon the smallest violations of the law.—England did better once; but now a man's life is valued at a pound note and less, and men and boys are cut to the bone for slight offences!

Swift, alluding in a letter to the frequent instances of a broken correspondence after long absence, gives the following natural account of the cause:—"At first one omits writing for a little while,—and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses,—and at last it grows desperate, and one does

not write at all. At this rate (he adds) I have served others, and have been served myself."

*Indian Eloquence.*—The following specimen of elegiac pathos was delivered by an Indian over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant:—"The Father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will moisten the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets!"

## Literary Notices.

Just published, Poems in 2 volumes, by Henry C. Knight, A. M. second edition, 18mo. Boston: Wells & Lilly.

Leaves from a Journal; or Sketches of Rambles in some parts of North Britain and Ireland, chiefly in the year 1817. By Andrew Bigelow. 12mo. Boston: Wells & Lilly.

Lacon; or Many Things in Few Words; Addressed to Those Who Think. By the Rev. C. Colton, A. M. From the 8th London edition. 8vo. New-York: Peter Burtzell.

American Popular Lessons. Designed particularly for the younger classes of children in schools. 5th edition, 18mo. C. S. Van Winkle.

Omnium Gatherum, No. IX. Charleston, S. C. Duke & Brown.

WE have perused, with the deepest interest, the volumes recently published by Mr. MARK WILKS, containing a *History of the Persecutions endured by the Protestants of the South of France, since the year 1814*; and we close them with feelings of indignation, horror, and disgust, which we should vainly attempt to describe. It is scarcely credible that such atrocities could, for such a length of time, have been perpetrated under a civilized form of government; and the French ministry seem to have been so sensible of the reproach to which the national character was exposed by these enormities, that they endeavoured rather to deny the facts, than to remedy the mischief. In this work, however, those facts are set forth in glaring and undeniable

characters, before the eyes of Europe; and it is proved that the worst excesses of the revolution have been fully equalled in the outrages committed under the eyes, and by the connivance of the local magistracy, by organized bands of assassins, upon the innocent and defenceless protestants of Nismes and the adjacent country.—*Monthly Mag.*

NETHERLANDS.—Brussels can boast of some of the best conducted literary establishments in Europe. Among others that of M. DE MAT, of the Grand Place, claims our respectful notice. This establishment contains under one spacious roof an extensive collection of modern literature in all languages—a magazine of classical and scarce old books, almost unrivalled in value and extent—a printing office of great perfection and capability—a copper-plate establishment—and a book-binding shop. In its way it resembles a beehive in activity and industry, and cannot fail to excite the surprise and pleasure of all who are permitted to view it. M. de Mat is chiefly engaged in reprinting standard French works, which the low price of labour and materials in the Netherlands enables him to offer to foreign countries full 30 per cent cheaper than the Paris editions. He is besides engaged in many original works of the Belgic literature; and above all, in a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his own stock of old books, which will extend to three or four volumes in octavo.

*Monthly Mag.*

NEW-YORK: Published by C. S. Van Winkle, No. 101 Greenwich-street, at twelve and a half cents per number, and one dollar for ten numbers, to be delivered where ordered. CASH DOWN, in all cases. To be issued about once a week.

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